

# The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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No. 15

## Note and Comment

While the Judicial Commission has still most of its work ahead of it, and the proceedings before it are, at this stage, hardly the proper subject of comment, this much may be said, that it has already more than proved the superiority of the method of enquiry adopted. It allows the facts bearing upon the questions at issue to be brought out in an orderly fashion so that everyone concerned is better able to form an intelligent judgment in respect to them. It gives all parties an equal chance, little opportunity being offered for those displays of oratorical fireworks which carry impressionable people off their feet, or for those veiled insinuations which fall so far short of definite charges, but which all the more surely undermine public confidence in the persons against whom they are made. The contrast in these respects with the procedure in the Legislature is most marked. Stump speeches are not as effective with the judges as with the occupants of the galleries, when the House is in session. With legal talent of a high order at hand to check a man up, he must necessarily be more guarded in his statements than when they are made in the course of a rough-and-tumble debate. Charges which, when flung across the floor of the House in dramatic fashion, and without adequate opportunity given to answer them, convince many people that there has been serious wrongdoing, peter down to nothing when those in a position to reply offer their explanations. This observation is suggested more than anything else by the full, frank and convincing testimony of Mr. S. B. Woods on Tuesday in regard to the alleged stripping of the files.

It is unfortunate that the enquiry cannot be pushed through to completion now. We have had more politics of late than is for the good of the province, and the sooner we get the situation cleared up the better it will be for all concerned. But it is quite evident that in justice to the counsel for the Commission, who in the interval before April 13 will have to go through a mass of documents and secure something definite on which to proceed in the absence of stated accusations, the adjournment was essential. Their task under the circumstances has been one of extreme difficulty. On the spirit in which they have entered upon it and the thoroughness which they are displaying, Messrs. Walsh and Johnstone are open to warm congratulations.

It was not till Mr. Woods went on the stand before the Commission that many were definitely made aware that he had retired from the post of deputy Attorney-General, though there was a report to that effect at the first of the month. It is his intention to resume private practice, in which an honorable and lucrative career undoubtedly awaits him. Few young men have had greater responsibilities on their shoulders than those which have fallen to the lot of Mr. Woods during the past four years. And his record is one on which he may look back with much justifiable pride. His achievements are of too recent date to need to be recalled. His successful fight against the lumber combine and the C.P.R. taxation case come most readily to memory. It is understood that his services are to be retained by the government to see the latter through. The province loses a most able and valued servant in his retirement.

"The session at Ottawa," says the Winnipeg Free Press, "is drawing near its close; and, as yet, no supply has been taken to provide for beginning the construction of the Hudson's Bay road. There will be deep disappointment in the West and some sense of betrayal of trust if this provision is not made, and work actually undertaken during the current season."

The Free Press may well be alarmed. It is a quarter of a century since a Hudson's Bay Railway began to be seriously discussed and people grow tired of constant talk about what is going to be when long periods are allowed to elapse in which nothing is actually done. This is a policy, however, which seems to be in vogue in certain Western Liberal circles at present. It was illustrated in the recent debate on the A. & C. W. proposition. We have been talking about opening up the northland of Alberta about as long as we have about the road to Hudson's Bay. Yet a possibility of this end being

attained at an early date presenting itself, the junior member for Edmonton rose in his place in the House and said the government should have waited till the C.N.R. or the G.T.P. were ready to build the road. These companies, it should be remembered, had been repeatedly urged to go ahead with the project, but showed no signs of taking it up. Mr. McDougall, however, would have had us turn down other proposals till these favored railways were good and ready. Possibly this will afford a clue to the Free Press in connection with the delay in the Hudson's Bay construction. Those who give such counsel do not understand the temper of the people of this part of the country. Hope may be deferred, and promises may satisfy them for a considerable time, but there is a limit. If it is a good thing for the public at large to have a railway built, and existing corporations will not take the matter up, they believe it is the duty of the government concerned to find means to have the work done without unreasonable delay.

A Canadian cricket team is being organized to visit Great Britain this summer. Such an undertaking appears to the writer of this page of significance far beyond that which attaches to an ordinary sporting announcement. There is no bond stronger than that of athletics, and those who encourage the meeting of teams from different parts of the Empire are doing a great Imperial work. It is a matter of great regret that cricket, the most distinctive of Old Country games, has not taken a greater hold in Canada. The characteristics which it develops are those which it is most desirable to see securing a foothold in a young nation like our own. It is to them that the British race owes in a large measure its pre-eminence in the affairs of the world at large. It is a pity that the team which goes to England is to be an exclusively Eastern Canadian one. Representation from the West would strengthen it and give the venture more of a national and imperial significance. But the best wishes of everyone in this part of the Dominion will go with the voyagers.

A story comes from Cleveland, Ohio, which must set one thinking. Twenty Turks gathered in a remote corner of Harvard Grove cemetery in that city one afternoon recently about a newly-made grave of their fellow-countryman, Michael Arlich, and there solemnly interred the body in accordance with the rites of the Mohammedan religion. The party wore the Turkish headdress and one of the members acted as priest, reading selections from the Koran and offering up strange prayers to Allah.

Arlich was run over by a train, one arm and a leg being crushed. At the hospital the doctors told the injured man that to save his life there must be an amputation of the injured limbs. But Arlich's religion was more to him than life. He had been taught that no heaven existed for disembodied bodies, and as he positively refused to permit the operation to be performed, he bled to death in a few hours.

We do not need to go to the customs of a race so alien to ourselves as the Turks to find what amounts to nothing less than murder and suicide being committed under the guise of religion. Should the state allow insane practices to continue simply because they are associated with some religious belief? Too great latitude has been given in the past.

The information given at Ottawa the other day by W. J. White, inspector of the Canadian government offices in the United States, as to the number and class of immigrants coming to Canada this year, is very cheering. In the eleven months of the present fiscal year 86,488 immigrants have entered Canada from the neighboring republic, showing a very satisfactory increase over the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year, when the number amounted to 50,600. The increase in numbers is no less gratifying than is the quality of the people who are coming to take up their homes in the Dominion. "On one train crossing into Canada at North Portal two weeks ago," said Mr. White, "the new settlers thereon had in cash or cheques a total of \$25,000, and in one day which I spent at the St. Paul office settlers passing through in less than 24 hours represented a capital of a little over \$1,000,000."

With the report for March, the biggest month in the year, still to come, the record should prove a marvellous one. We could not have better settlers than these and the change which they and other

newcomers are bound to bring about in the Canadian West during the next few years stirs the imagination. By the way, what has the protectionist, who is in a constant state of alarm over the size of our imports, to say about the millions of dollars' worth of settlers' effects which will figure in the import column this year?

The Labor party which is now in process of formation in the United States will not probably cut much more figure in the politics of that country than does the Labor party in Canada. Rather the chances are that for some time it will have even less influence and the reason is that there, as well as here, the trade unionists are not ready for united political action. There are among them just as ardent supporters of the old parties as can be found anywhere. To these men membership in a trade union is a matter of business. To them the sentimental aspect of the labor movement does not appeal. To secure the best possible conditions in their own particular trades is all that they worry about, and they can safely be counted out of any political movement that is based purely on a general class sentiment. On the other hand, there are in the labor unions of the United States a large number of Socialists, members of a party which allows about as much freedom of action to its members as did the church in the days of the Inquisition. Each of its members is pledged to vote for the candidate of no other party, and no member is permitted to enter any political contest as the candidate of another party, even if that party be a Labor party. President Compa and other leaders in the American Federation of Labor are strong anti-Socialists, and they, too, have their followers, to whom may be added the adherents of the present political parties. Hence arises a division which will prevent the formation of a Labor party in the United States which can ever hope to represent the whole laboring class. In England extreme and moderate Socialists and trade unionists bury their theoretical differences to form a labor party which has made itself felt, but the constitution of the Socialist Party of America, as it now stands, makes impossible either in the United States or Canada any such coalition. The proposed Labor party will, therefore, do little to unsettle the equanimity of those whose interests are all in keeping things as they are, and do just as little for those who are working for reform.

Mr. W. K. McNaught, member of the Ontario Legislature from North Toronto, who was reported as having declared himself in favor of a second chamber for that province, has now come forward with a denial. It seems that Mr. McNaught had merely told of a conversation in which a friend had said to him that a second chamber was needed to offset the influence of corporations upon certain members of the Legislature. Mr. McNaught, as he now explains, did not endorse this view. He had said to his friend that "under the wise and honest leadership of Sir James Whitney," there was little danger to be apprehended from such a source, but that there had been times, and such crises might arise again, in which a strong and independent second chamber could have performed invaluable service for the people. In this Mr. McNaught is undoubtedly right, but it is disappointing that he did not go further and show how "a strong and independent second chamber" is to be obtained. Second chambers are generally independent enough, but independent of the people rather than of the corporations. As for having a "strong" second chamber, the great thing in Great Britain at the present time is to weaken the second chamber they have. Britain's second chamber is both strong and independent, but it cannot be said to have been a great benefactor to the general people. The second chamber in the United States is as "strong and independent" as the most enthusiastic supporter of second chambers could desire, but it is still short on those "invaluable services to the people" which Mr. McNaught thinks possible from such organizations.

In explaining what he did say in the speech which was misreported, Mr. McNaught makes some observations on the legislative processes in his own province which would apply equally well to any of the other eight. He says: "The real point that I tried to make, and which appears to have got confused with the mention of a second chamber, was, that so many bills come before the House and have to be disposed of in so short a time that it is absolutely impossible for the members to master the details and facts regarding them so as to be in a

position to give a sound judgment upon their merits.

"I pointed out that one of the principal causes for such a state of affairs is the way in which these bills are prepared. What is placed before the members in a bill is simply the words to be repealed, and the words sought to be enacted in their stead. 'This, as a rule, is utterly unintelligible to the ordinary lay mind, and one has to hunt up and wade through the original statute in order to find the underlying ideas and principles involved in the changes asked for. My judgment was that a bill amending existing laws should set out in full the old law as well as the change desired, and that if this were done even an ordinary layman like myself could at once master the details of the bill at a glance.

"I pointed out that such a change in the method of preparing bills would not only enable members to pass a more intelligent judgment upon their merits, but would also give many of us an interest in the general legislation of the House that I venture to say would be very much greater than we have heretofore possessed.

"Under existing conditions the legal members possess a very great advantage over the lay members of the House, and in my opinion the province loses much of the value of the services of the latter for this reason. This can easily be remedied in the way I have suggested, and I expressed a view that it should be done.

"As everybody knows, the real work of the Legislature is done by the committees, and it was in reference to their duties that I expressed a view that bills were often rushed through so hurriedly that it was impossible to properly digest them. As a matter of fact the majority of the members belong to several of the 'standing committees,' and instead of sitting on alternate days and thus affording the members an opportunity of attending them regularly and following up their work, they are often all convened on the same day and at the same hour, which makes it absolutely impossible for even the most conscientious member to do his duty to them as he would desire."

A noted Englishman states that war is a species of insanity, and the question arises as to whether—when a community or an individual or group of individuals are engaged in a great war, a small squabble, or are fighting as a group—they are all in a strictly normal condition.

We are told that anger generates a poison in the system which has an injurious chemical effect upon the constitution, and were it possible to accumulate sufficient of this poison at one time, and suddenly take it, it would mean instant death. Hence it may be fairly argued that as a man who has taken one drink of spirituous liquor is, according to law, "under the influence of liquor," so it might, with equal fairness, be said that a man in anger who has to a greater or less extent poisoned himself, is not an absolutely normal being.

As anger subsides the normal comes to the front. First, there are hints of some being tired of the row; then others begin to look at things differently; then there are talks of compromise.

The heaven grows, and after the storm cometh a calm, when most are thinking more solemnly and therefore more deeply. There is not the same apparent eagerness to turn the tub completely bottom-side up, but more of an inclination to turn it half way up and look inside. Then, possibly, it does not look so dark inside as it was at first imagined it would.

Next, terms are discovered that would almost suit both parties, but do not quite fit either party. There is more talk, then an apparent dead-lock. A little bit is chopped off here, a phrase amended there, then the whole fabric or arrangement gradually assumes a guise that may be acceptable to both parties. At last all is agreed upon, for one party has given way a little in one direction and the other party in another. Each one saves his face and obtains possibly something more than when he started in, and the end is that peace reigns once more, for we have each and all learned that we cannot, each or all of us, have entirely our own way—in a gregarious community. Such as is the lot of the human family—or there will come jars and discords if the wants and opinions of others do not receive some consideration. So that we are fain to confess that our late unpleasantness may find its solution in a spirit of compromise, and we shall have a greater respect for each other's ideas, wants and abilities in the future.

(Continued on Page Eight)



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### TRIBUTE TO STEVENSON

(By Neil Munro)

Before the freight in the sober gloaming,  
The one far-wandered readily will tell

The brave memorials of his weary roaming,  
Until he holds us in a warlock spell.

And sudden at the lozen comes a rapping—  
"Oh, Sennachie, I'd speak wi' ye, my son!"

The wanderer for the cold night must be haffing,  
Ere yet his latest tale is half-way done.

And when the door is sneaked behind the rover,  
Who went with you convey we dare not name.

We tell again his curious stories over,  
The thought in every heart the same, the same—

"Oh, these were fine, the stories he narrated,  
But there were others that he had in store."

Ours was the gain, indeed, could he have waited,  
But now our ears are vain for evermore."

So you are baffled and gone, and there you're lying  
Deep down the world, upon the slope of seas,

Upon the lonely peak where clouds are flying,  
No sounds of homeland on the feverish breeze,

We need not keep the peat and counsels glowing,  
The goodwife may put by her ale and bread,

For you that kept the crack so blithely going,  
Have learned the dour, dull silence of the dead.

Far, far away, the Vala saw day waning,  
On bossy isles that stud the dreary main.

Did you expect, your eager vision straining,  
To catch a blink of Scotland's light again?

To hear the laverock's pipe, the kirk bell's clanging,  
Come on some errand breeze across the waves,

Or smell the sweetness of the birches hanging  
Above the unforgotten martyrs' graves?

Among Lieutenant-Governor Buleya's most cherished keepsakes of office, is a short composition written by a little German boy, Benny Lessing of Part II at a German school out of Leduc, which runs as follows:

His Honor, the local member, Mr. Telford, and a lawyer, Mr. Marks, were scheduled to visit the school in question, on Empire Day, of last year, but owing to a bad rain storm, were detained far beyond the time announced for their arrival. A great number of the scholars, believing they had put off coming indefinitely, procected home, while others stayed it out, and had their reward. The reference to Mary petting had marks for facing the audience and not the "left hand government" of course is obvious. I give the composition in Benny's own language and spelling, and may say in passing that so long as we are fortunate enough to have immortals of Benny's mental calibre, with his fine dramatic instincts and originality, the prospects for a fine

citizenship of Sunny Alberta is assured.

### Empire Day

Empire day is for study and honor the Empire. The left-hand government was heard on Empire Day, who was called Sir Honorable Buleya. He is a man. He is a tall and stick (stout) man. He is speaking very nice to us. It is bad day; there is many people. There is pupils from other schools and other districts.

Ladies and gentlemen. We sing and say our pieces. We drill and march. It is great time. We get many claps. Ladies and gentlemen go home. Pupils go home. Some stay. We are play games. Some big ones stay. Train is stop. The left-hand government is come. Mr. Telford is speaking to us. He tell us the Honorable have know children. It is to bad. And he tell us that Mr. Marks is Irish. And the Honorable tell to us the Empire and Canada. And it is great Empire, best than Germany, and we say peace and march. But not all. Many pupils gone home, and Mary get bad marks for not face it.

Government, and he like us, and we go up and shack hands and tell our names and we are proud. It is great honor to us, and we go out and train stop and we are sorry. We like to see this big Sir Buleya again."

If you are accustomed to knocking about town, you must have noticed during the past few weeks a very dapper Englishman with long fierce mustachios. Consider yourself introduced, Mr. Frederick Villiers, at your service, the greatest war artist of his time. In a recent Canadian Courier, I ran across a clever sketch of this remarkable man, which I trust will interest you as much as it did me.

"You have read Kipling's 'The Light That Failed' and may have seen it acted by Forbes Robertson; remembering the pathetic story of the war artist who went blind in the Soudan.

The original of the hero is now in Canada; the greatest war artist in the world, Mr. Frederick Villiers, at present engaged in the peaceful pastime of making sketches of an English settlement called Greencourt in northern Alberta. This settlement, which has beaten the machine gun into gang-ploughs, is a colony of "old boys" from Greencourt School, Canterbury.

Mr. Villiers—if he can compare himself as to realize that a casual camp of Crees is not an aggregation of whooping "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" will draw quiet pictures and write placid descriptive articles about Greencourt for the Illustrated London News. Perhaps if he should stay in Alberta until the month of leaves he might get a real reminiscent touch of the old war-whoop times in the painted Christ-dance. But even that with all its gaudy magnificence, its troops of ponies, and its congregation of face-painted braves from the hills of popular would seem like a Sunday school picnic to Mr. Villiers, who has depicted with his pencil more real wars than any man that ever lived—though in volume of literary correspondence he was probably outdone by the late De Blowitz and Julius Caesar.

Frederick Villiers is an Imperialist. He has seen the struggles of the Empire in various parts of the world and of other people who had nothing to do with the Empire. He is almost as much of a firing-line veteran as Florence Nightingale. One of his earliest experiences with the pencil was in the war between Siam and Turkey in 1896; next year the Russo-Turkish war; in 1882 in the Soudan with Lord

Derfard and Wolseley. In 1882 when the Saskatchewan and Alberta redskins were popping over redcoats in the Canadian West, Mr. Villiers came quietly out of the Soudan, straddling the hollow of a camel across the Sahara, till the camel was shot under him at Abu Klea and he got a bullet through his outfit. In China and Japan and in most of the Orient he has been at the front with his sketch pad and his pencil. He is supposed to be the hero of Kipling's tale. On the grilling sands of the Sahara he has seen and drawn the pictures so remarkably and realistically described by the late G. W. Stevens in his book, "With Kitchener at Khartoum." He has drunk gallons from an African gourd and gone slack-belly with hunger when he was too busy with his pencil to bother noticing hunger. Sweat and blinding sand and roasting, sizzling sun in the land of Gunga Din, whom often he may have bled with curds, even as Tommy Atkins did, have browned and bronzed this veteran of the fighting pencil into as nigh-hard a specimen of the out-of-doors as any Indian on the plains. There's nothing in camp, corral or coffee-pot that Frederic Villiers doesn't know. A bucking broncho might be a novelty, but he wouldn't mind it in the least. Penmanship would be a joy to his palate. He will probably have a sigh or two at the spic-and-spanners of the North-West Mounted Police who no longer round up the ravaging redskins. But it would have been a real contribution to the literature of war in the Empire if Mr. Villiers could have followed some of the boys under Colonel Steele on the twisted trails of the prairie, when there was no correspondent and no artist to tell the story. This is his first trip to Canada. He has a notion that before he comes back again he may be in the uneasy Balkans doing sketches for the English papers. War is second-nature to him. He believes in the German scare. The recent peaceful utterances of Chancellor Von Bethman-Hollwig have no charm for him. He is a man of war.

Mr. Villiers was the first war correspondent to use a bicycle in a European campaign and the first correspondent to use cinematograph on a battlefield anywhere. On his return trip through Canada he will probably give his famous lecture on war pictures—no doubt with occasional references to the navy.

Next week I am going down to Calgary "to do" the Horse Show and try and add a few ideas. I don't know if they keep any special supply in the Southern city, but we shall see what we shall see.

### AN INGENIOUS DEVICE

The proprietor of a certain hotel on the Maine coast had been much harassed by the accusations of guests who "overslept," and thereby failed to make connections or keep appointments. They invariably insisted they had never been called, abused his employees as well as himself, and declared they would never stop with him again. Of course they usually did stop, but that did not even matters from the proprietor's standpoint.

At last, after long and anxious thought, he hit upon a plan which seemed calculated to insure justice and satisfaction to all parties.

It was one of the most abusive of his patrons under the old regulations on whom the new receipt was first tried. He had retired with reiterated injunctions to wake him in time to catch the 5 o'clock train. It was midwinter. The proprietor had learned by experience how difficult of persuasion is a sound sleeper in a warm bed at that hour of the morning. At a quarter past four there was a loud rap at the door. No answer. Then a still louder summons.

"What's the matter?" came the response.

"Get up, quick, sir—please," in a tone of excitement, "and sign this receipt!"

"Receipt?"

"Yes, sir; here it is and here's the pencil. Quick, sir, please. It's very important—won't take you a minute, sir, to sign it!"

Muttering incoherently, the guest stumbled out of bed. The very strangeness of the demand had roused him as doubtless no ordinary summons could do. Unlocking the door, he thrust out his head, confused waves of registered letters, checks, legacies crowding upon his half awakened senses. The paper which he drew inside bore the date and "Called at 4:15, as requested. Sign here."

Released After Twenty Years  
Elijah Seftin, who was sentenced to death in 1899 for murder at Harlestone, and whose sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, has been released from Portland prison.



The Aristocrat: "No, go away; I never give to beggars."  
The Commoner: "Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar. All I ask is the simple loan of an onion."

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Old-timers, of Edmonton, who de-  
fectually, but half-heartedly, tell of the  
chances they had in the old days to  
pick up a corner lot on Jasper avenue  
for twenty-five dollars and a suit of  
clothes, and who love to linger on the  
palm-ways of The Company, when the  
present-day asphalt pavements  
were mere trails, and life was generally  
worth while, will send a synopsi-  
sized "thru" the way of this "Original  
Old-Timer"

He can remember when "Frisco"  
Was just the bare side of a bluff;  
An' one feller's dying in Utah  
Made more'n twice widder enough.  
He drew a pack mule in the Rockies  
Afore they was hardly half growned;  
An' Denver, why he knowed when  
Denver

Was just a wide place in the road!  
He knowed the town of Chicago  
When it was just mist by the lake;  
He drew mules all over Milwaukee  
A-lookin' fer crawfish fer bake;  
Knowned Pittsburgh afore it was smoky.  
An' walked out of town in two  
blocks,  
An' Cleveland, the first time he saw it,  
Was just some hard coal on the  
docks!

An' Omaha, fast time he saw it,  
Was just a pack mule an' a post  
T' hitch to; an' Salt Lake was only  
A sign-board 't' point 't' the Coast.  
"Passed Ingou sign afore this morn-  
in"  
Was Deadwood wrote down in his  
log.  
Th' first time he passed, an' Seattle  
Was just a rain-drip in a fog!

He owned a half-section of medder  
Th' corner of State an' Munroe,  
An' traded it off fer a mule team—  
Th' country was settlin' up so  
It just made him nervous 't' see it;  
He often shot black bear fer meat.  
An' plowed up what's Main street,  
Milwaukee,  
T' raise some potatoes 't' eat.

He used 't' cut slough grass fer fodder  
In what's now the heart of St. Paul;  
Alongside of him Dave Cockett  
Was just a new-gate that's all.  
We see, as th' towns kep' improvin',  
Th' frontier life lost its zest.  
An' he jist kep' growin' an' movin',  
An' simply growed up with th'  
West!

—J. W. Foley.

The two-fifteen car for Strathcona  
was crowded to suffocation, which  
probably accounted for the general feel-  
ing of bad humor that permeated the  
crowd, from those fortunate enough  
to obtain seats, to the Standing  
Room Only. But an interesting  
town this," remarked a stranger, who  
later informed us that he called Cal-  
gary home.  
"Just one dreary dead-level, no-ac-  
count city. Gee, why can't you get a  
few hills?"  
"Just listen to him," said a man a  
few removes down the aisle. "Dead-  
level? What in Sam Hill does the idiot  
want anyway? Dead-level. Why I've  
ridden down this here hill in a bus,  
when I've had the very rubbers shaken  
off my feet! No hills! Huh!" And he  
sniffed a snuff of contempt at him of  
Calgary that might have withered the  
last rose of summer, itself.

"Won't you take my seat?" offered  
a polite youngster to the pretty  
girl standing in the aisle, as he slipped  
off his father's knee. "Mother always  
told me to offer my seat when I saw  
a lady standing!" But the "Pro"  
Thing was studying the prospects  
from the opposite window before he  
had half finished.

The ten-year-old daughter of a  
prominent physician is fond of writing  
verses. Not long ago she went to a  
wedding, and on her return wrote an  
account of it in rhyme. Her descrip-  
tion of the bridesmaids was as fol-  
lows:

"Some had pug noses and others had  
Roman,  
Each had a blue ribbon tied round her  
abdomen."

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, not long  
since deceased, who had many warm  
friends in Boston, used to delight in a  
story of a colored girl in his church.  
"Supposing," he asked her, "that you  
were walking along the road and saw  
a low-hanging branch, and on that  
low branch was a nice fat chicken.  
What would you do?"  
"Don't ask me dat question, boss,"  
she begged.  
"Oh, yes, tell me, what would you  
do?"  
"Well, boss, you know, I've just an  
infant in de kingdom." Which ended  
the conversation.

Apropos of the alarming outbreak  
of "conscience," that recently over-  
took the House, a little story occurs to  
me.

"But, Tommy," said his mother,  
"didn't your conscience tell you you  
were doing wrong?"  
"Yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I  
don't believe everything I hear."

Advertising is nowadays almost a  
fine art. Clever advertisements attract  
customers in two ways—first, because  
they effectively call attention to the  
goods, and second, because of their  
cleverness, pure and simple. Such a  
one is the following, quoted from M.  
A. P., which adorned a boot shop in  
the Rue d'Amsterdam, in Paris:

## Liquidation.

With tears in my eyes I am obliged  
to clear the whole of my stock of  
boots.  
To get rid of all in a week I offer it  
to you at a loss of fifty per cent.  
My husband seeing it to abandon  
me with five children.

## Why

Can't I go on without my husband?  
Because my husband alone was able  
to obtain job lines from the big provin-  
cial and foreign bootmakers.  
Prudent ladies will profit by these  
extraordinarily low prices, which will  
enable me to clear out my stock and  
search for my husband throughout  
Europe.

Madame Marie-Louise X.

Since Mr. O'Brien, the Hon. Mem-  
ber for Rocky Mountain, has been in-  
structing and delighting (though some  
rude persons might question the latter  
statement) his fellow members by his  
little excursions into Socialism and  
its principles, a good many yarns turn-  
ing on the precepts and practices of  
Socialists have been going the rounds,  
from among which I rescued the fol-  
lowing:  
This particular Socialist had been  
explaining to a friend the principles of  
his belief, in the course of which he  
remarked that all possession should  
be shared equally.

"If you had two horses," said the  
friend, "would you give me one?"  
"Of course," replied the Socialist.  
"And if you had two cows, would  
you do the same?"  
"Of course I should."  
"Well, supposing now," said the  
friend, slowly, "you had two pigs,  
would you give me one of them?"  
"Eh! That's getting over near  
home," said the other shyly, "tha'  
knows I've got two pigs."

A young mother went upstairs one  
evening to be sure her son was safely  
sleeping. As she paused at the door  
of the nursery she saw her husband  
standing by the side of the crib, gaz-  
ing earnestly at the child.

As she stood still for a moment,  
touched by the sight, tears filled her  
eyes, and she thought, "How dearly  
Frederick loves that boy!" Imagine  
the shock to her feelings when he  
suddenly turned toward her and said:  
"Amelia! It is incomprehensible to  
me how they get up such a crib as  
that for three dollars and sixty cents!"

In one of the Senate cloak-rooms  
during a recent session, the talk  
turned, says a writer on the old ante-  
bellum negro of the south and his  
amusing originalities in the use of  
the English language.



Proud "Autumn" Father: "Bless me, it's really marvellous about that  
baby of mine. You'll hardly credit it, but every time it smiles..."  
The "Fed-up" Friend: "Well, I s-  
uppose even a baby has some glim-met-ing sense of humor."

Senator Taylor of Tennessee said  
the finest example he knew of was the  
remark made by an old negro whose  
worthless son was married secretly.  
The old negro heard of it and asked  
the boy if he was married.  
"I ain't sayin' I ain't," the boy re-  
plied.

"Now, you, Rastus," stormed the  
old man, "I ain't askin' you is you  
ain't; I is askin' you ain't you is!"

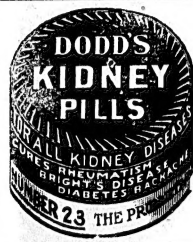
An old Scotch elder, who was in the  
habit of making long prayers during  
which he managed to voice a consid-  
erable amount of personal wants, was  
engaged in the exercise one Sunday  
afternoon during the hay season. "Gie  
us, guid Lord, a guid dry wind," he  
prayed, "a guid soft wind that'll dry  
the hay an' not toss it—" Just then  
a gust of wind sent a splash of rain  
pattering on the window panes, caus-  
ing the Sunday to open his eyes very sud-  
denly and to exclaim testily: "Guid  
Lord, this is simply redeculous."

The Archbishop of Canterbury is a  
great example of a really wit. He was  
going with a number of clergymen in  
to a luncheon, after some ecclesiastical  
function one day, when some dignitary  
observed:

"Now to put a bridle on our appet-  
ites!"  
Quick as lightning the archbishop  
retorted. "Say, rather, now to put a  
bit between our teeth."

## Starland

The last changes of programme at  
this ever popular theatre have been  
exceptionally good. The Biograph  
dramas are certainly becoming more  
wonderful each day and prove a fas-  
cinating attraction to any perform-  
ance. A glamour of romance adheres  
to life in Cromwell's time and the Bi-  
ograph Co. have selected a dramatic  
incident from this period as the basis  
of the picture "Death Disc." Discov-  
ering three soldiers who adhere to  
Catholicism, Cromwell decides they  
must draw lots, the one who drew  
the red disc to die and the others to  
return home. He orders that the  
first child they meet shall draw the  
lot. It chances to be the daughter of  
one of the condemned, and childlike  
she gives the prettiest disc to her  
father, thus sealing his fate. But Crom-  
well is so pleased with the little one  
that he gives her a signet ring as a  
token that he will grant any request  
she makes of him. The mother in-  
herits its aid to secure her husband's  
pardon. "Comata the Sioux," is a  
patriotic Indian romance showing the  
constancy of the Indian, but, at the  
same time, indicating the unhappiness  
which can easily arise from inter-  
marriage between the white and col-  
ored races. "Lines of white on a  
sullen sea," is a sombre story given with  
strong dramatic effect. It is a film  
that creates a profound impression. It  
is equally good in photographic effect,  
and maintains the Biograph Standard.  
"The Pale Face Wooing" is a melo-  
dramatic picture of the wooing of a  
white man and an Indian maid. The  
closing scene shows the consumma-  
tion of the play. The setting of the  
whole film is very picturesque and the  
action is lively enough to please the  
most exacting critic. Other Biograph  
specialties have been procured for the  
coming week, which will be highly  
appreciated by all lovers of art.

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Shepherd of the Hills, by  
Wright,  
The Up Graded, by Goodwig,  
They and I, by Jerome.

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each week and will be  
listed here.

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## Home and Society

Edmonton.

The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Bulsey, and Mr. Babbitt leave on Monday afternoon's train to attend the Calgary Horse Show, which His Honor will formally open on Tuesday afternoon.

I hear a good many society folk and lovers of the noble animal are planning to run down to the southern city for this smart event, which, by the way, is reported as going to be bigger and better than ever before. The Hon. and Mr. C. W. Cross, Dr. and Mrs. Ferris and Mr. and Mrs. Scoble are among probable visitors.

Mrs. Percy Barnes and her family are leaving the first of May to take a cottage in Banff for the summer.

Madame Cote has issued cards for a reception at her pretty bungalow on Seventh street on Saturday.

The Sergeant's Mess of the 101st Fusiliers are giving a dance in the Separate School Hall on Tuesday, April 25th. The committee is composed of Col. Sergt. Adams, Sergt. Elliott, and Sergt. Decheney.

The Ladies' Hospital Aid are already busying themselves with the arrangements for their dance on April 19th to take place in the Separate School Hall.

This Friday the Cricket Club are giving their dance in the same building, so that we are evidently in for a gay series of these always popular events.

Mr. G. W. Swaisland has issued invitations for an At Home this Thursday, March 21st, which account I shall have to hold over until next week.

The baby daughter of a well known and prominent family slipped out of the garden gate on Monday, unknown to her parents or nurse, armed herself with her Teddy Bear, and pushing her little carriage, set forth to see the world. What little idea she had in the back of her head in making the journey, she has never to this day confessed. I think myself it was just a voyage of adventure, a case of her father's daughter. Be that as it may, this tiny child in a terrific wind and dust storm eventually, imagine it, traversed the entire Main street and landed, no one knows, way down on Fraser's Flats. There a good woman found her. I should write, a good sensible fairy took her, in spread for her a scrumptious little feast, and then, wise woman, took her up to the R. N. W. M. P. barracks, where her frenzied parents later recovered her. And yet we sometimes doubt that a wise and all-loving Providence watches over little children.

Mrs. Percy Hardisty has been quite ill for a week past with an attack of the all-perverting whooping-cough.

On Wednesday Mr. Darby received in her apartments at the Arlington, when a great many people dropped in to call and display their smart Easter bonnets.

On Thursday afternoon the lady members of the Edmonton Golf Club met at the home of the president, Dr. Cobbett, for the purpose of electing a woman's committee to take charge of the Saturday teas and luncheons during the season. The president was in the chair. Following a chat with reference to the best manner of running these pleasant social functions, a committee was elected as follows: President ex-officio, Mrs. Cobbett; secretary, Mrs. W. D. Ferris, and Mrs. Rolfe, Mrs. Braithwaite and Mrs. Bowker. It is the intention to conduct the teas as they were two years ago, two hostesses taking afternoon and the young girls the holidays and medal days. The luncheons will be suitably arranged for at less trouble and expense than formerly, and it is hoped, quite as pleasantly. Once more, harmony reigns in our midst, the men have come back to their allegiance, and ladies are poring deep over their, favourite cook books to discover yummy-yum recipes to completely capture the men's

hearts, via the old, old route.

It is one of the sad duties which sometimes falls to me, to endeavor to raise a modest memorial to the men and women, friends of yours and mine, who "turn the corner" a little in advance of us. Last week dear old Mr. Macdonald fell asleep. I think there is nothing I can say that would do one-half the justice to his life, as the mere living of it did. I knew him personally as a fine and courtly gentleman, and those to whom he was nearest, today love to dwell on the sweetness and fragrance of the memory he left behind him. "Never an unkind or uncharitable word in all the years I knew him," one bore testimony. As if that were not enough to keep his memory forever green in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

Mrs. Jas. Smith was the hostess of a jolly little bridge on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Scoble entertained the bridge club on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Clarence Race will receive on Friday this week and afterwards the first Friday as formerly, at 552 Victoria avenue.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Bishop, Strathcona, on Monday afternoon at five o'clock, when their eldest daughter, Rhoda Viola, was united in matrimony to W. G. Walford of Edmonton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. W. Patterson, of Edmonton. The bride was supported by her sister, Mary, and the duties of groomsmen were performed by J. G. Walford, brother of the groom.

Mrs. J. P. Cleal, 639 Fourteenth street, will not receive again this season.

PEGGY.

### NOVEL RUSSIAN CEREMONY

An unusual service at the Russian Cathedral in New York, a service which could not be seen, as a rule, outside of Russian territory and even there, not in such pomp and magnificence, except occasionally, is described by the New York Sun. It was "Orthodox Sunday," wherein is celebrated the triumph of the Orthodoxy over the Iconoclasts in the eighth century.

It happened that the newly consecrated bishop of Alaska, Alexander, arrived from Russia, on Tuesday, and Archbishop Platon decided to make the celebration of the special service, as well as the Liturgy, more impressive by inviting over from Brooklyn his other assistant, the Syro-Arabian Bishop, Raphael. The Archbishop and his two assistants, with three deacons, one an Arab, and six priests, one of these also an Arab, together with lay acolytes to carry the sacramental fans, the special candles used at Pontifical services, and the croziers of the three prelates formed a body such as is not often seen here. All were vested in blue and white satin brocade, trimmed with silver, except Bishop Raphael, who wore white satin brocade and a mitre of gold roses, pinks, and jessamine on a silver ground. Bishop Alexander's mitre was of silver embroidery on silver, while the Archbishop's was the simplest of all, a pattern of gold volutes and crosses on a dark ground, with a few large topazes and a verse of scripture engraved on the plain gold rim. The service was in the Old Church Slavonic and (a little) in Greek.

After the Liturgy of St. Basil had been concluded and a great number of persons had communicated, the three prelates returned to the dais in the centre of the cathedral where the Archbishop had been vested as usual, before the service, and the rites for Orthodoxy Sunday were begun with icons (holy pictures) of Christ and of the Virgin Mother and the Christ standing, the while, in front of the prelates and not far from them. After appropriate Hymns, prayers, Epistle and Gospel, the junior deacon (Abbot Vassil) ascended the chancel platform and intoned in majestic recitative, "What God is great like unto our God? Thou art the God who alone doest wonders," repeating it thrice and each time with increased force, until the cathedral rang with the sound.

Again, after he had read the Nicene Creed (of course, without the filioque clause), he again intoned: "This is the faith of the Apostles. This is the Or-

thodox faith; this faith establish thou through the universe."

Then, according to the ancient ritual should have followed denunciation and the pronouncement of anathemas upon various sorts of heresy prevalent in the eighth century, but time has softened the relations of the churches, however intolerant they may have been of old, and not a single anathema was uttered, and not a heresy referred to. Perhaps the most interesting omission in view of the modern conceptions of the "divine right of kings," and of recent troubles in Russia, was that paragraph which calls down "anathemas" upon all who shall say that the Orthodox Czars are not elevated to the throne by the special favor of God toward them and that through anointment the gifts of the Holy Spirit are not poured out upon them to enable them to exercise their great calling.

Another equally interesting paragraph (also omitted) anathematizes the Iconoclasts, who overthrow the service celebrates; those who curse and blaspheme the holy icons which are used by the church in commemoration of the deeds of God and His saints for the purpose of inclining those who shall gaze upon them to righteousness of life and to emulation of their good deeds.

Several Americans had been present during a part of the liturgy, but had long since departed and lost one of the chances of their lives to "hear something full of 'color,' beauty and majesty." The deacon with his magnificent bass proclaimed "Eternal Memory" to the Greek Emperor Constantine, his mother Helena; to Theodosia, Theodosia the Younger, Justinian and all other Orthodox Greek Emperors and Emperresses. "Eternal Memory," responded the choir, in funeral tones.

Then came "Eternal Memory" to the Russian Orthodox Princes, beginning with Vladimir of Kiev and his mother, and proceeding by name through all the modern Emperors, beginning with Peter I. and ending with Alexander III; all their Emperresses, and the Emperresses who have ruled Russia, the old Russian saints, the Greek and Russian prelates, the nobles, soldiers, and all Orthodox Christians each separate petition being followed by the response from the choir.

But mourning is far from being the characteristic tone of this triumphant celebration. "Many Years" were proclaimed, in tones which fairly shook the walls and made the windows rattle, to the Emperor Nicholas II.; the defender and protector of the church; to his wife and mother and heir; to the President of the United States; the Holy Synod, the military commanders, rulers of cities and all orthodox Christians. All these petitions were interspersed with the thundering of the choir to match the almost thunders of the deacon of "Many Years" graduated from nine times down to three.

The service concluded with the



Vicar: "And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russell?"  
Russell: "What's 'e say, Betty?"  
Betty: "E says: What the deuce did you send for 'im for?"—M.A.P.

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## Home and Society

Calgary.

The Cricket Club held their sixth annual ball at Sherman's Hall on Monday night. This was one of the most successful functions of the season, and reflected great credit upon the committee who had charge of the management.

Mr. Norman Berkshaw, who has been the popular accountant in the Bank of Nova Scotia, has been appointed manager of a branch in Toronto.

The Tennyson class of Victoria Church entertained the Browning class of the Central Methodist Church and the Shakespeare class of the Y.W.C.A. on Tuesday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Robertson, who have been spending the winter here, expect to return this week to their home in Martintown, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Corby left this week for an extended trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. E. Teeter, of Wallaceburg, Ontario, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Ruttle.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Purdy, of Owen Sound, are guests in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sayre returned this week from a two months' trip to Florida.

Rev. G. Bathurst Hall spent the week-end in town, the guest of Dean Paget.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ings of High River were recent guests here.

Mrs. Pinkham gave a very interesting missionary tea on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. John McDermid has returned from a three months' visit in the East. While there she visited Minneapolis, Madison, Eau Claire, and St. Cloud.

Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Hanton, Mrs. Guernsey, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Milne, Mrs. Paddon, Mrs. Bennock, Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. McFarlane, Mrs. Shaver, Mrs. Binning, Mrs. May, and Mrs. Campbell were among the members of the O.U.R. Club who were entertained by Mrs. Campbell on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Munroe, Mrs. Esdale, Mrs. Sufel, Mrs. Corrigan, Mrs. Sweet, Mrs. (Dr.) Frith, Mrs. Mulholland and Mrs. McCullough were charmingly entertained by Mrs. Bouck and Mrs. Shaver on Wednesday afternoon at the tea hour. The table was very picturesque with its dainty centre, upon which rested a handsome epergne filled with an exquisite cluster of crimson carnations and southern greenery.

A most interesting event was celebrated on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brydon, Mount Royal, the occasion being the celebration of their silver wedding. The beautiful hall was tastefully decorated with Easter lilies, which were sent down for the occasion by Mrs. Ramsay, Edmonton, niece of Mrs. Brydon. These appropriate flowers also profusely decorated the handsome drawing room. A pleasant surprise to the worthy host and hostess was the entrance of a party of friends headed by James Marr, who read an address of congratulation, and afterwards presented Mr. and Mrs. Brydon with an elegant and massive oak cabinet filled with silver, suitably engraved.

Mr. Brydon, though quite taken by surprise, made a very suitable reply. Music, cards and games were indulged in and a very delightful evening was spent. Refreshments were daintily served by the Misses Brydon, McLeod, Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Drysdale.

A unique feature was the presence of Miss McRae, who acted as bridesmaid twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Brydon wore a handsome dress of black sequin, over black silk, and Miss McRae was prettily attired in cream lace over tulle. The present were numerous and beautiful and showed high respect that the hostess and host enjoy among their friends.

Friday evening last week Mr. C. H. Powell, entertained at military etiquette. The rooms of her beautiful home were tastefully decorated with bunting and flags of the various nations, contending in mimic warfare. The pretty prizes were won by the defenders of the gay French Capitol. Mrs. Dippie, Mrs. MacKay, Mr. MacKay and Mr. King.

Mr. and Miss H. R. C. Murphy of Lacombe are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Clifford Black, Seventh Avenue west.

On Thursday evening the members of the choir of St. Andrew's Church presented Miss Hughes, leading soprano of the choir, with a very beautiful tea set. The presentation was made by Mr. May, the leader of the choir. Speeches were made by Mr. May, R. V. Shaw, and Rev. Mr. Mahaffy. Miss Hughes becomingly thanked those present for the handsome gift.

On Saturday evening last a very enjoyable card party was given by Messrs. Edgar and Oswald Butler, in honor of Mr. W. O. C. Foster of the Medicine Hat News. The guests were received by Mrs. Butler and Miss Gertrude Martin, who were both gracefully attired, the former being in a cream silk empire gown, and the latter in an old rose empress gown. Among the guests were the following: Misses Verna Hamby, Eleanor Martin, Gwen Wetherall, Florence Smith, and Laura MacKenzie; Messrs. M. Gill, R. Ellis, J. Langlands, F. Barton and D. R. M. Shoultice. During the evening Mrs. Butler, Mr. E. E. Butler, Mr. T. N. West and Mr. M. Gill gave charming selections on various instruments, after which dainty supper was served in the drawing room, which was decorated with Easter lilies.

The Bachelors of West Calgary School District had a gala time on Monday night. They entertained their friends to an informal dance. Very nearly everyone who was lucky enough to receive an invitation was present. The arrangements were in the hands of a committee, comprising A. P. Tingley, G. W. Patrick, Lt. Von Mielecki, G. Patrick, A. Biggar, and J. Strong. Among the guests were: Messrs. Patrick, Loughheed, Stewart, A. Stuart, the Misses Stringer, Gilbert, McVeigh, Biggar, Braydon, Patrick, Marten, Cruse, Davis, Douglas, Oliver, Tuttle, Nolan, Von Mielecki,

Robinson, Horsford, Hunter, McDonald, and Messrs. Robinson, Loughheed, Sheppard, Bradley, Von Mielecki, May, Robinson, Ostrom, Nolan, Pottinger, Truse, Morgan, A. Stuart, McDoylle, Tricky, and many others. The music was well rendered by the Beatty Orchestra; their good playing being a great help to the exercises of the evening.

The refreshments of the evening were kindly provided by the mothers and sisters of the bachelors. Mrs. A. P. Patrick and Mrs. A. Von Mielecki presided over the tables, and were very ably attended by the bachelors.

### LAUDER INTERVIEWED.

Harry Lauder, returned to London, was interviewed about his American experiences.

"Well, there's the dear old gray London sky, and I love it, and I'm glad to be back under it," said he. "On New Year's day I was pulling oranges off the trees in the heat of California and looking up through that lovely clear air to the snow on the peaks of the Rocky Mountains.

"But if I could have packed the California climate in bags and bottles and brought it to London I wouldn't have done it.

"Man, if you had the flowers growing all the year round you would not care for them as we do in dear old smoky London. If you had date palms in the streets and all kinds of fruit all about you in luxuriance from January to December, do you think you'd appreciate it as you do? You'd pray for a thick fog or a misty, sooty day now and again, to teach you the value of beauty—by contrast.

"We went from New York west to the end of land, and if I tried for a month I could not find words to express my gratitude to the American people and my admiration for their business capacities.

"Mayors and councillors gave my wife and myself official receptions everywhere. I started counting the banquets and receptions, and I kept it up a while, but in spite of the practice I've had at scoring golf I failed. I'm only an indifferent hand at arithmetic.

"Scottish societies loaded my wife with bouquets and candy, and they gave me so many dinners that I had to

diet myself, merely as a matter of self-preservation.

"We were received by the governors of all the States I sang in, and by the president of Yale University. Everywhere they gave us a lively time, and even the long railway journeys were powerfully exciting.

"If there wasn't a train wreck in front of us there was one just behind, and there was a storm all the time in the rear and front. But, hospitable to the last, they always got our trains through without accidents.

"The Americans are full of enterprise. Whenever I got off a train they wanted to insure my life, to sell me land, and to give me a banquet. And the way they go in for advertisement is amazing to any one who is used to our own easy going, half-hearted methods.

"In Great Britain a manager will be content with just letting the town know you are there. In America they have your portrait on every wall, in every corner, and your name painted the city in huge illuminations and is flashed to the very skies, so that it's

a physical impossibility for the populace not to come to the theatre and see you.

"But don't believe the stories you hear about the marble baths and gorgeous dressing rooms for the star artists. These things do not exist."

### This Witness talked Back.

"You are quite sure, are you?" inquired the defendant company's counsel in a damage suit "quite sure that the swelling above the ankle was caused by the plaintiff's fall."

"Quite sure," the doctor replied, firmly.

"Now, doctor," said the counsel, "I wish you would feel my right ankle, or just above it; same kind of swelling, isn't it? Do you believe that swelling was the result of a fall?"

"No, sir," the doctor replied promptly, "I believe it to be the result of too much strong drink."

In the awful silence that followed, the company's counsel was heard, quite distinctly, to say:

"That's all, doctor."



Elder Sister: "Do you want women to have votes?"  
 Younger Sister: "No."  
 Elder Sister: "Why?"  
 Younger Sister: "Because I like to hear about the Suffragettes."

## REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF

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## THE STORY OF THE FLOOD

Fold in a Tablet Found at Nippur, Which Antedates the Bible Narrative 1600 years

Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht of the department of archaeology of the University of Pennsylvania has found among the tablets from the "Temple Library" of Nippur a remarkable fragment containing a portion of the "Babylonian deluge story," this being the oldest extant reference to that event in writing, antedating the bible narrative of the deluge by at least 1,600 years.

As translated by Prof. Hilprecht the narrative contained on the tablet is as follows:

(I declare unto) thee that confines of heaven I will loosen, a deluge I will make, and it shall sweep away all men together; but thou (the Babylonian Noah) seek life before the deluge cometh forth; for to all living beings, as many as here are I will bring overthrow, destruction, annihilation.

Build a great ship and . . . total height shall be its structure. It shall be a houseboat carrying what has been saved of life. . . . With a strong deck cover it. The ship which thou shalt make, into it bring the beasts of the field, the birds of heaven, and the creeping things, and of everything instead of a number . . . and the family.

### Describes Finding of Tablet.

The first announcement of his discovery was made by Prof. Hilprecht, at the Acorn Club tonight, when he gave a full account of the tablet and its translation and its bearing on the other known cuneiform and other inscriptions referring to the deluge.

Prof. Hilprecht told his auditors that, while engaged in examining the contents of two boxes of cuneiform tablets from the fourth expedition to Nippur, his attention was attracted by some fragments which were not written in Sumerian, the ancient sacred language of Babylonia, but in the Semitic dialect of the country of the Akkadian language.

There were twenty-seven of those fragments, but out of a total of 460, and all came from that portion of the ruins of Nippur which Prof. Hilprecht believes contained the temple, library, schools and archives of the older period of Nippur. Dr. Hilprecht said that when the fragment containing the deluge story was first taken out of its paper wrapper, only a few cuneiform characters could be recognized, but one of these words, 'Abdubdi', "deluge," attracted his attention, and he devoted his time for weeks to clearing the tablet.

### Antedates Story of Moses.

By Dec. 1 he had sufficient proof to justify his report to Provost Harrison that he had discovered a small fragment of the earliest version of the Babylonian deluge story known, or about 1,500 years older than similar fragments known from the library of Ashurbanipal (668-626 B.C.) and 600 years earlier than the time generally assigned to Moses, and even before the Patriarch Abraham rescued Lot from the hands of Auraphel of Shinar and Chedorlaomer (Genesis 14).

In order to understand the unique value of this tablet, it is important to know something of the corresponding passages from the known fragments of the cuneiform deluge story and from the biblical narrative. There are three of the cuneiform fragments, two versions from the Nienvah, dating from about 650 B.C., and an early Babylonian fragment in J. Pierpont Morgan's collection.

A comparison of these and of the biblical passages with the newly discovered Nippur version has brought out the significant fact that the Nippur version differs fundamentally from the two Nienvah versions and agrees most remarkably with the biblical story in every essential detail, both as to con-

tents and language.

### Bears upon "Priestly Code."

Moreover, Prof. Hilprecht observed in particular that this agreement affects that part of the Babylonian deluge story, which Old Testament critics style the "Priestly code," and which is generally regarded as having been compiled in Babylonia about 500 B.C. He thinks that the deluge story of the Old Testament must form part of the oldest traditions of Israel, and that it must have entered Canaan at the time when Abraham left his home on the Euphrates and moved westward.

The Nippur fragment is of unbaked clay and measures two and three-quarter inches at its greatest length, and is seven-eighths of an inch thick. It is dark brown in color and was originally inscribed on two sides. In its complete form Prof. Hilprecht said the tablet must have been about 7 x 10 inches and contained from 130 to 136 lines altogether. It bears no date, but he believed that it was written some time between 2137 and 2005 B. C.

### Little Holland's Colonial Possessions

A circular from a Dutch steamship company announcing certain tropical tours which few Americans are likely to make brings to mind vividly the extent and value of the colonial possessions that little Holland won so quickly and has retained with so much tenacity. She picked out the cream of Spain's acquisitions in Cathay for herself and has succeeded in holding on. All the spice islands that enticed the Portuguese to discover the passage around the Cape of Good Hope are hers from Sumatra across to New Guinea, and recent history has made the United States her next door neighbor. It is surprising to learn from the Koninklijke Paketvaart Maatschappij how easily and comfortably the traveler who turns his back on Singapore may journey by steamer, among the little islands of the archipelago and by rail on the big ones.

### Wrested from Spain

It was in the middle of their desperate fight for existence against Philip II, that the United Provinces sent their ships out to despoil his new dominions. The absorption of Portugal had given all the newly discovered lands, the Indies, East and West, to Spain, and Philip, and the Dutch mariners must not distinguish between Spaniard and Portuguese in their attacks. They were after trade and quick returns rather than conquest and settlement, and leaving India to one side, sought the richer islands, Ceylon, Sumatra, Java, and the Moluccas. Where they established their post they stayed. Even when their troops no longer swept the English Channel with a broom at the masthead and their De Witts and De Ruyters were gone, so that they were forced to share with England, they stuck obstinately to the soil under a foreign flag in New Netherlands and at the Cape.

There were some forcible readjustments in the East too, but the Dutch managed to keep the islands and the practical monopoly of the spice trade for two centuries and a half. Banka and Billiton yielded their tin, Amboyna, Ternate and the rest their cloves, Banda and Celebes nutmeg and mace, Java cinnamon, coffee and pepper. Sumatra, pepper and tobacco, the Sunda Islands sandalwood and ebony, to fill the warehouse of Amsterdam and Rotterdam. There were grosser cargoes, too, jute, hemp, woods, so that the Dutch bankers grew rich and could afford to speculate in tulips. When Louis XIV threatened the dikes were cut to keep him out for one despairing moment the Dutch dreamed of abandoning Holland and migrating in a body to Batavia and Java, from which their wealth came.



Mrs. Adams: "Accused you of stealing a bob when she dropped her purse, didn't she?"

Mrs. Evans: "Good as said as 'ow sh'd a' found it if I 'adn't 'elped 'er look for it."



## HASSAN

Cork Tipped  
**Cigarettes**

The Oriental Smoke  
Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price and fine quality

### Little Missionary Work

In all these years they dealt with the islands on strictly business principles. There was little thought of Christianizing or of civilizing the natives; they were trained to work with small regard for philanthropy. As a rule the people of the archipelago are milder than those of India or the Malay peninsula, but they have fought when oppressed and have been put down with vigor, and often with brutality. In Borneo and Sumatra especially the Dutch have had stiff fighting and protracted little wars. They have improved the islands, however; a railroad runs the length of Java now and another is making its way through Su-

matra; better modes of cultivation have been introduced and fairer methods of dealing with the natives.

In proportion to their area, Java, Sumatra, the Sundas, the Moluccas, Dutch Borneo, and New Guinea, are the richest possessions that any European country owns. In value they are far beyond the whole collection of unappropriated lands that the Kaiser has been able to gather in his belated effort to make Germany a colonial power. They add to his desire to convince the Dutch that as a Teutonic race they should form an integral part of his German "Weltmacht." The Dutch, however, are as tenacious as the British of what they own.

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## The Local Improvement Act . . . Education Tax Act . . . Village Act, and The School Assessment Ordinance.

Notice is hereby given that under the provisions of The Local Improvement Act, Education Tax Act, Village Act, and The School Assessment Ordinance, a Judge of the Supreme Court has appointed WEDNESDAY, the 13th day of April, 1910, at Ten O'clock a.m. at the Court House, in the City of Edmonton, for the holding of a Court for confirmation of the returns made under the provisions of Section 91 of The Local Improvement Act in regard to the following Local Improvement Districts, viz:—

Local Improvement Districts 28-M-4, 29-M-4, 25-N-4, 26-N-4, 27-N-4, 28-N-4, 29-N-4, 25-P-4, 26-P-4, 27-P-4, 28-P-4, 29-P-4, 25-R-4, 26-R-4, 27-R-4, 28-R-4, 29-R-4, 25-S-4, 26-S-4, 27-S-4, 28-S-4, 29-S-4, 25-T-4, 26-T-4, 27-T-4, 28-T-4, 29-T-4, 30-T-4, 25-A-5, 26-A-5, 27-A-5, 28-A-5, 29-A-5, 30-A-5, 26-B-5, 27-B-5, 28-B-5, 29-B-5, 30-B-5, 31-B-5, and 32-B-5.

And of Section 11 of The Education Tax Act in respect of lands situated within the following areas, viz:—

Townships 50 to 70 in Ranges 11 to 13 inc. W. 4th M.

Townships 57 N. of R. to 70 in Range 14, W. 4th M.

Townships 40 to 70 in Ranges 15 to 28 inc. W. 4th M.

Townships 40 to 70 in Ranges 1 to 8 inc. W. 5th M.

And of Section 67 of The Village Act in respect of the following villages, viz:—

Village of Morinville.

And of Section 19 of The School Assessment Ordinance in respect of the following School Districts, viz:—

School Districts Nos. 23, 24, 20, 75, 98, 212, 222, 246, 266, 280, 293, 296, 298, 301, 305, 314, 322, 324, 315, 355, 357, 359, 370, 371, 381, 382, 384, 386, 388, 370, 400, 412, 415, 416, 427, 429, 431, 438, 452, 459, 470, 475, 478, 479, 482, 508, 509, 516, 521, 523, 525, 528, 529, 530, 537, 571, 594, 622, 626, 645, 660, 663, 683, 719, 746, 749, 750, 772, 799, 839, 847, 850, 881, 926-017, 926, 1001, 1099, 1016, 1029, 1067, 1074, 1162, 1241, 1267, 1438, 1443, 1444, 1456, 1461, 1465, 1474, 1479, 1488, 1495, 1500, 1514, 1534, 1537, 1611, 1619, 1668, and R. C. P. 2, R. C. P. 4, R. C. P. 6, R. C. P. 31, R. C. P. 42, R. C. P. 45, R. C. P. 47 and R. C. P. 51.

Dated at Edmonton this 11th day of February, 1910.

JNO. PERRIE,  
Tax Commissioner,  
Department of Public Works.  
C-P. 14, 21, 28, M. 7, 14, 21, 28, A. 4, N-F 19, 26, M. 5, 12, 19, 26, A. 2-9.



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NEXT TERM BEGINS APRIL 15th, 1910.

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## THE TELEPHONE POLE

(G. K. Chesterton, in the "Daily News" (London))

My friend and I were walking in one of those wastes of pinewood which make inland seas of solitude in every part of Western Europe; which have the true terror of a desert since they are uniform, and so one may lose one's way in them. Straight, stiff, and similar, stood up all around us: the pines of the wood, like the pikes of a silent mutiny. There is a truth in talking of the varieties of Nature; but I think that Nature often shows her chief strangeness in her sameness. There is a weird rhythm in this very repetition: it is as if the earth were resolved to repeat a single shape until the shape shall turn terrible.

Have you ever tried the experiment of saying some plain word, such as "dog," thirty times? By the third time it has become a word like "snark" or "pobble." It does not become tame, it becomes wild, by repetition. In the end the dog walks about as startling and unrecognizable as Leviathan or Croquetminton.

It may be that this explains the repetitions in nature; it may be that for this reason there are so many million leaves and pebbles. Perhaps they are not repeated so that they may grow familiar; perhaps they are repeated only in the hope that they may at last grow unfamiliar. Perhaps a man is not startled at the first pig he sees, but jumps into the air with surprise at the seventy-ninth pig. Perhaps he has to pass through thousands of pine trees before he finds one that is really a pine tree. However this may be, there is something singularly thrilling, even something urgent and intolerant, about the endless forest repetitions; there is the hint of something like madness in that musical monotony of the pines.

I said something like this to my friend; and he answered with sardonic "Ah, you wait till we come to a telegraph post."

My friend was right, as he occasionally is in our discussions, especially upon points of fact. We had crossed the pine forest by one of its paths which happened to follow the wires of the provincial telegraph; and though the poles occurred at long intervals they made a difference when they came. The instant we came to the straight pole we could see that the pines were not really straight. It was like a hundred straight lines drawn with schoolboy pencils all brought to judgment by one straight line drawn with a ruler. All the amateur lines seemed to reel to right and left. A moment before we could have sworn they stood as straight as lances; now I could see them curve and waver everywhere, like scimitars and yataghans. Compared with the telegraph post the pines were crooked—and alive. That lonely vertical rod deformed and enfranchised the forest. It tangled it altogether and yet made it free, like any grotesque undergrowth of oak or holly.

"Yes," my gloomy friend said, answering my thoughts. "You don't know what a wicked shameful thing straightness is if you think these trees are straight. You never will till your precious intellectual civilization builds a forty-mile forest of telegraph poles."

We had started walking from our temporary home later in the day than we intended and the long afternoon was already lengthening itself out to the hills above a strange town or village, of which the lights had already begun to glitter in the darkening valley. The change had already happened which is the test and definition of evening. I mean that while the sky seemed still as bright, the earth was growing blacker against it, especially at the edges, the hills and the pine-tops. This brought on yet more clearly the owl's secrecy of pine-

woods; and my friend cast a regretful glance at them as he came out under the sky. Then he turned to the view in front; and as it happened, one of the telegraph posts stood up in front of him in the last sunlight. It was no longer crossed and softened by the more delicate lines of pine-wood; it stood up ugly, arbitrary and angular as any crude figure in geometry. My friend stopped, pointing his stick at it, and all his anarchic philosophy rushed to his lips.

"Demon," he said briefly, "behold your work. That palace of proud trees behind us is what the world was before you civilized men, Christians or democrats or the rest, came to make it dull with your dreary rules of morals and equality. In the silent fight of that forest, tree fights speechless against tree, branch against branch. And the upshot of that dumb battle is inequality—and beauty. Now lift up your eyes and look at equality and ugliness. See how regularly the white buttons are arranged on that black stick and defend your dogmas if you dare."

"Is that telegraph pole so much a symbol of democracy?" I asked. "I fancy that while three men have made the telegraph to give dividends, about a thousand men have preserved the forest to cut wood. But if the telegraph pole is hideous (as I admit) it is not due to doctrine, but rather to commercial anarchy. If anyone had a doctrine about a telegraph pole it might be carved in ivory and decked with gold. Modern things are ugly because modern men are careless, not because they are careful."

"No," answered my friend with his eye on the end of a splendid and sprawling sunset, "there is something intrinsically degrading about the very idea of a doctrine. A straight line is always ugly. Beauty is always crooked. These rigid posts at regular intervals are ugly because they are carrying across the world the message of democracy."

"At this moment," I answered, "they are probably carrying across the world the message, 'Buy Bulgarian Rails.' They are probably the prompt communication between some two of the wealthiest and wickedest of his children with whom God has ever had patience. No; these telegraph poles are ugly and detestable; they are inhuman and indecent. But their baseness lies in their privacy, not in their publicity. That black stick with white buttons is not a creation of the soul of the multitude. It is the mad creation of the souls of two millionaires."

"At least you have to explain," answered my friend gravely, "how it is that the hard democratic doctrine and the hard telegraphic outline have appeared together; you have . . . but bless my soul, we must be getting home. I had no idea it was so late. Let me see, I think this is our way through the wood. Come, let us both curse the telegraph post for entirely different reasons and get home before it is dark."

We did not get home before it was dark. For one reason or another we had underestimated the swiftness of twilight and the suddenness of night, especially in the threading of thick woods. When my friend, after the first five minutes' march, had fallen over a log, and I, ten minutes later, had stuck nearly to the knees in the mire, we began to have some suspicion of our direction. At last my friend said, in a low, husky voice:

"I'm afraid we're on the wrong path. It's pitch dark."

"If thought we went the right way," I said, tentatively.

"Well," he said; and then, after a long pause, "I can't see any of the telegraph poles. I've been looking for them."

"So have I," I said. "They're so straight."

So we groped away for about two hours of darkness in the thick of the fringe of trees which seemed to dance,

round us in derision. Here and there, however, it was possible to trace the outline of something just too erect and rigid to be a pine tree. By these we finally felt our way home.

## IN THE JUNGLES OF BRAZIL

"No need going all the way to British East Africa in search of perilous adventures," said Willard P. Willer, a civil engineer. "If a man wants plenty of excitement all he's got to do is join a surveying party on the new road that is being built through the jungles of central Brazil up into Bolivia. I have been down there a year and just to get a change I am going over to China to work on the Yan-nan-tu-Railroad which is being built by Americans."

"I hadn't been down in Brazil three months when I began to want to see Broadway the worst way. If I had stayed down there longer than I did the jungle would have driven me crazy. During the year I was down with malaria twenty times. And when a bunch of us reached Para, near the mouth of the Amazon, and found there was no passenger ship due to come this way for two weeks we were so afraid that we would have another attack that we climbed on board a British tramp steamer, the England, and came to Tampa. It was anything to get away."

"Of the Madeira and Mamore Railroad eighty miles have been finished and are in operation. All the survey has been completed up into Bolivia, and I was with one of the engineering corps that were doing the work. There were nine Americans in the party and thirty-five or forty natives, 'hombrs' we call them to distinguish them from the Americans, that being the Spanish word for men. The latter, of course, speak Portuguese, but in South American countries American engineers are used to dealing with Spanish speaking workmen and use that term."

"In going up the Rio Mariera, it took us twenty-eight days to go 100 miles on account of the rapids and falls, which are numerous. Hundreds of boats, came down loaded with rubber, and it is the object of the railroad to cut out the falls and make the product of the Bolivian forests easy to take to the coast."

"When we got to the place where our survey was to start we found we had our hands full. It involved hewing our path as we went along, and every few days we would have to clear a space large enough to build a palm house. "Every night without exception we would be awakened by jaguars breaking into the camp. The 'hombrs' slept in hammocks which were hung about three feet from the ground, and there would be a yell of alarm some man awakened to find a big wild animal smelling about him. Lots of them were killed by the men, who said that the animals if hungry, would not hesitate to attack human beings."

"One day, we found the bones of a native in the woods, but we did not know whether to blame his death on the jaguars or on the vultures, which hung about the air near us, always in great numbers. And as for insects—why, there seemed to be no fewer than 3,000,000 species of ants, and the tarantulas were eight inches long, not considering their legs. We used to burn a path around the camp to keep the legion of ants from invading it, and carrying away our rice and other provisions."

## JUST A GENTLE POINTER

"Then you don't think I practise what I preach, eh?" queried the minister, talking with one of the deacons at a meeting.

"No, sir, I don't," replied the deacon. "You've been preaching on the subject o' resignation for two years, an' ye haven't resigned yet."

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## A LANGUAGE WITHOUT AN ALPHABET

While most of Europe is inveighing against the deluge of books and the flood of printed words, the Albanians, one of the oldest peoples of them all, are crying out for the most elementary means of expression, an alphabet. In this simple, alphabetless land where children never troubled about the a-b-c of the language they spoke, where novelists uttered their best stories from the hills and poets sang their sweetest thumping the one string guzla before the kula fire log, Turkey has sown the seeds of culture and unhappiness.

This change in idyllic conditions was brought about when the government recently decided to permit the teaching of the Albanian language in the state schools. The decision was at first received with great satisfaction and rejoicing, and then the difficult question arose, how was instruction to be given without an alphabet. The Albanian language has generally been considered about as difficult to tame and put between the covers of books as the people are to govern. It is the oldest of the Balkan tongues and stood out against the Slavonic invasion. Its principle features are compatible with the system of Arvan European languages, and generally show marked resemblance of detail to Greek. It has survived, however, merely as a spoken language, for most Albanians who can easily read and write other languages would not understand their own if they saw it printed.

Many attempts have been made to reduce Albanian to a written language. The difficulty of producing characters that would represent the sounds has been one cause of the small degree of success; another has been the difficulty of getting the different religious bodies to agree upon any set of characters that might be submitted. One of the last to make the effort was Constantine Kristoforidis, who published a good grammar of both the two great southern dialects, the Gheg and Tosk, and translated the Bible into Tosk. As a result of all the trials so far four systems have been presented; one employs the Greek alphabet pure and simple; another, that originated by Kristoforidis, uses both Greek and Roman letters, with many diacritical marks; a third uses Latin characters, and a fourth a fanciful and unsightly variation of both Greek and Latin letters.

Now that the Turks have granted the rights to schools they insist that the Arabic alphabet shall be used and reactionary Hodjas are endeavoring to persuade the Moslem tribes that this is the only alphabet permitted to good Mohammedans. There is no doubt to be said, however, that of all the characters proposed for use the Arabic seems to be the least adapted, because the affinities of Albanian and either Greek or Latin, while the attempts that have been made to write Albanian with Arabic characters have resulted in hieroglyphics that even the writers could not decipher.

With such a variety to choose from the untutored Albanian is naturally much perplexed, and he falls back for instruction upon his religious advisers. Great meetings have been held all over the country to discuss the matter. Ushak, Prishtina and Mitrovica, Moslem sections, have voted for the Arabic characters. Tosk Koritza and Gheg Elbasan, Roman Catholic sections, have decided in favor of the Latin. In the meantime feuds have increased, and in the clash of the alphabets much blood is being shed. In this way the Albanian has gained what he loves, a cause for a fight; but there have been no new state schools opened, and the Albanian language, for the simple want of an alphabet, is not being taught in those that exist.

### Couldn't Help It.

George Washington was very small, very black, and very new to the life of the public school which he had just entered. His family had emigrated to the city from some unknown wilderness, and the officials of the school board had discovered little George and brought him into line with the prospects of a higher education. It was his first day, and the teacher was trying to make him at home. "And so your name is George Washington?" "Yes, sir," said the boy. "And I suppose you try to be as like him as a little boy can, don't you?" "Lak who, mam?" "Like George Washington?" The youngster looked puzzled. "Ah, lak'n't help bein' lak Jorge Washington," he replied stoutly, "cos that's who Ah am."—Youth's Companion.

## THE COMET

The coming of Halley's Comet makes Oliver Wendell Holmes' humorous poem "The Comet," interesting at this time. Halley's Comet, by the way, paid his last visit this way when the poet was a young man.

The Comet! He's on his way,  
And singing as he flies;  
The whizzing planets sink before  
The spectre of the skies!  
Ah! well may regal robes burn blue,  
And satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on, by whistling spheres of light,  
He flashes as he flames;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names,  
One spurs from his demonic heel,  
Away, away, they fly,  
Where darkness might be bottled up,  
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea?  
If in the heaved devil's path,  
Our earth should chance to be?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forest gleam;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream.

I saw a tutor take his tube  
The Comet's course to spy;  
I heard a scream—the gathered rays  
Had stowed the tutor's eye;  
I saw a fort—the soldiers all  
Were armed with goggles green;  
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the  
salts!  
Bang went the magazine!

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
Each moment in a tub,<  
I read upon the warping back  
"The Dream of Beelzebub";  
He could not see his verses burn,  
Although his brain was fried,  
And ever and anon he bent  
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch-roll down  
The crackling sweating pines,  
And streams of smoke, like water-  
spouts,  
Burst through the rumbling mines;  
I asked the freemen why they made  
Such noise about the towns;  
They answered not,—but all the while  
The tanks went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
Upon a baking egg;  
I saw a cripse scorch his hand  
Extinguishing his leg,  
I saw nine geese upon the wing,  
Towards the frozen pole,  
And every mother's gosling fell  
Crisped to a crackling coil.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
Write in the blistering rays  
The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
Was all a fiery blaze;  
I saw huge fishes boiled to rags  
Bob through the bubbling brine;  
And thought of supper crossed my  
soul:

I had been rash at mine.  
Strange sights! strange sounds! Oh,  
fearful dream!

Its memory haunts me still,  
The steaming sea, the crimson glare  
That wreathed each wooded hill;  
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain  
Such midnight visions sweep,  
Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,  
And sweet shall be thy sleep!

## SPRING

I hear the wild geese honking  
From out the misty night,—  
A sound of moving armies  
On-weeping in their might;  
The river ice is drifting  
Beneath their northward flight,

I hear the bluebird plaintive  
From out the morning sky,  
Or see his wings a twinkling  
That with the azure vie;  
No other bird more welcome,  
No more prophetic cry

I hear the sparrow's ditty  
Anear my study door;  
A simple song of gladness  
That winter days are o'er;  
My heart is singing with him  
I love him more and more.

I hear the starling fluting  
His liquid "O-wa-lee";  
I hear the downy drumming  
His vocal recital;  
From out the maple orchard z  
The nuthatch calls to me.

O, spring is surely coming  
Her courtiers fill the air;  
Each morn is new arrivals,  
Each night her ways prepare;  
I scan her fragrant garments  
Her foot is on the stair.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One)

Much reference has been made recently to sectionalism, and in this connection. No section can hold itself blameless, but if each will acknowledge its own faults—which is a great measure are caused by over-generosity to reach forward—and will think more of his neighbor and neighbor's interest this same late unpleasantness should have a very educative effect upon us. And instead of dividing the province in parts it will have a far greater tendency to bring it together, as, owing to disagreements, each and all have become very much better acquainted with each other and will be prone to study each other more in the future, spread favors as nearly as possible on an equitable basis, and see that what is good for the province is the highest ideal to reach out for. Contradiction to a policy, which can only be opportunist at the best and would lead to dissension and disintegration.

## MUNICIPAL BREAD BAKERY

In Hungary, and especially in Budapest, for a long time the public had good reason to complain of the high price of bread, which often prevented poor families from getting an adequate supply. This in itself was bad enough, but the evil was intensified by the extensive adulterations by which the nutritive value of the bread was greatly reduced. Analysis showed that in some cases two-thirds of the bread consisted of potato and other non-cereal ingredients. In consequence of this state of things an agitation in favor of a municipal supply was started in Budapest thirteen of fourteen years ago.

As the evil remained undiminished, eventually the municipal authorities resolved to establish a bread factory of considerable size, with the three-fold object of supplying at a reasonable price wholesale bread made with a due regard to cleanliness; of setting a good example to the bakers generally; and of saving bread-making from the sphere of small industries, and, in so doing, to secure to consumers the greatest possible advantage. An additional consideration was that in the by no means improbable event of a strike in the baking trade, the proposed factory, with its automatic machinery, would be of great service in maintaining, by military aid, a supply of bread for the people.

Accordingly plans were prepared by the city architect, and a large bakery, three stories high, and several accessory buildings, have been erected on municipal land, in a suitable position, and connected by a siding with the railroad system, so that the necessary materials can be cheaply and easily delivered on the spot. The bakery is fitted with the most modern machinery, including ten double Telescor steam-heated ovens, each being capable of baking 100 loaves of two kilograms each, in less than an hour.

By the use of asphalt, asbestos and basalt paint, the floors and walls have been so constructed as to prevent the whole can be kept free from the accumulations of dust and dirt. The necessary motive power for various purposes is supplied by a 40-horsepower Diesel motor, a 25-kilowatt dynamo, an accumulator of 60 cells having a capacity of 500 amperes, as well as some smaller engines.

Closely adjacent to the main building dwellings have been provided for the director, engineer and some other officials, and in the courtyard, there is stabling for sixteen horses, a blacksmith shop, coach-house, coal store and other out-buildings. There is also

a bathhouse in which on arrival all the workers have to wash themselves thoroughly and finish up their ablutions with a shower bath before putting on their clean working uniforms. Lockers are provided for the clothes worn by the workers outside the factory. The institute is well lighted by eight arc lamps and more than a hundred incandescent lamps of 32 candle-power.

When the flour is received at the bakery, it is raised by an electric lift to the top floor, whence as it descends, it is weighed, sifted, mixed, and leavened, until at the ground-floor the dough reaches the ovens, in which it is transformed into bread. The bakery commenced operations during the course of 1908, and as soon as the requirements of hospitals, poor-houses and other public institutions are first supplied, the quantity available at present for the general public is comparatively small. In order to lessen the dissatisfaction which exists in consequence of the difficulty in procuring the municipal bread, an enlargement of the bakery to the productive capacity of 200,000 kilograms daily is now under consideration.

Naturally the master bakers raised great opposition to this municipal undertaking and threatened to close all their shops simultaneously, but in the end adopted a much milder and more reasonable course of reducing their prices. In the city, the weight of public opinion is decidedly in favor of the public bakery, and the enterprise is strongly supported by the press. Three kinds of bread are made, namely brown, half-brown and white; and each loaf bears the impress of the city arms, as well as the bakery stamp. To satisfy the public taste, a small proportion of potato flour is incorporated in each kind. The bread—packed in clean baskets—is conveyed from the bakery to the market halls, municipal shops, and other distributing stations by means of well-ventilated covered vehicles.

The average price of the local bakers' brown bread is 36 filler, and the municipal bread is 10 filler (2 cents) per kilogram less. In the case of the best white bread, the difference is still more in favor of the consumer, while the high standard of the bread produced in the public bakery has made it more difficult for adulteration to be extensively practised.

## In Antarctic Years Ago.

One of the few survivors of Sir James Ross' Antarctic expedition of 1839, George Par, formerly of the Royal Marines, died at Gillingham, Kent, at the age of ninety-four.

## UTAH'S GREAT DINOSAURS

Mr. Earl Douglas of the Carnegie Institute, spent the winter in Utah, for the purpose of extracting the remains of three gigantic dinosaur skeletons which he found imbedded in the sandstone, and which appear to be in perfect condition. Mr. Douglas says of them, "We found what paleontologists have been searching for for the past forty or fifty years—skeletons of sauriod dinosaurs of huge size, apparently absolutely complete, every vertebra in position, and even the ribs in place, not removed more, in any instance, than two or three inches from the point where they articulate with the facets of the vertebrae." Great precautions are taken to preserve these remarkable fossils in their original shape.



MISS OLGA ROOSEVELT

## Fine Water Color Exhibition

The Campbell Furniture Co. are pleased to announce a consignment from Europe of Original Water Color paintings, the work of British, Dutch, Italian and French Artists which will be on view at their show rooms Saturday and all next week. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of art to call and view these works of art.—Mr. E. O'Brien, art connoisseur will be present to give information regarding the artists represented.

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## A FALSE ALARM

The young man sat beside the beautiful maiden on the sofa.

"Miss Nora," he began, hesitatingly, "may I ask you not to call me, 'Mr. Durand'?"

A rosy blush crept to the girl's cheeks, and she cast her glorious eyes down at the carpet.

"Well," she stammered, "our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?"

"Because, Miss Nora," answered the young man, "the fact is, my name is not Durand, my name is Dupont."

## Crime Costs Millions

That 200 persons a week are being murdered in the United States and crime is costing \$2,500,000 a day, while the police stand practically helpless, is the striking declaration of Mr. Hugh C. Weir, of the World, Today (Chicago). He figures that 250,000 persons whom the law never touches, are engaged in the systematic pursuit of crime as a business.

## CURE MEN AND WOMEN ALIKE

### WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DID FOR ONE FAMILY

Cured Chas. Bell of Rheumatism and His Wife of Inflammation of the Kidneys.—Mrs. Bell's Statement.

North Range, Digby Co., N. S., Mar. 14.—(Special).—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidney ills of men and women alike is shown in the cases of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bell of this place. A short time ago Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mr. Bell of Rheumatism from which he had suffered for ten years. This led Mrs. Bell to try them for inflammation of the Kidneys and she makes the following statement:

"I was troubled with inflammation of the Kidneys for twenty-four years. Some few years ago I got worse and was laid up for a long time. When I was able to be up again the doctor told me I must on no account do any work. I suffered from Dropsy and my feet would swell so I could not wear my shoes."

"My husband benefited so much from taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I decided to give them a trial, and though I have taken only three boxes I am well and can wear my shoes and do nearly all my own housework. I cannot say too much for Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills make weak Kidneys strong and sick Kidneys well.

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